GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 03371 9078

Gc 929.2 C3577cp
Chance, Paul S.
Memories of William Chance

"MEMORIES"

of

WILLIAM CHANCE

Containing

History of his Life,

with

Traditions Concerning

His Ancestors,

and

Accounts of Life

in

Early Days

Collected and Arranged by his Grandson

Paul S. Chance, D. O.

1903

SOME FAMILY HISTORY

I was born in what is now Moorefield township, Clark county, Ohio, just a few hundred yards north of the southern township line, July the fourteenth, 1815.* My father and mother were Samuel and Mary Smallwood Chance, and I was the fourth child in a family of five daughters and six sons, and was the second son.

On my father's side my ancestry is traced back to Jeremiah Chance, my great-grandfather, who came to this country about 1740 or 1750. He kept a store some place in old England, and had a wife and four children there. He was quite a genius, as many of his family and descendants have been after him, and delighted to tinker around and make things. One day he gave one of his little children a gold guinea to play with for a time, and the child became so attached to the bit of bright metal that, without thought of evil consequences, he proceeded to make in copper a duplicate of the guinea and gave it to the little one. This satisfied the child who wore the copper substitute on a string around its neck, but a clerk in the store stole it from him and succeeded in passing it for a coin. He was arrested for passing counterfeit money and accused Jeremiah Chance of making it. Upon hearing of this, the accused man consulted an attorney and acquainted him with the facts of the case. Although he said he had made the coin only to amuse the child and with no thought of counterfeiting, the attorney said that that would not save him from the charge, and advised him to leave the country at once. Conviction would have meant exile for life, as the laws at that time were very strict regarding the counterfeiting of the king's money. So Jeremiah "took time by the fore-lock", left his wife and children, and, with what ready money he could command, came to America, landed in Maryland and

*Where I was born is about half a mile from the house of Milt Yeagell.

started another store at Ellicott's Mills in that state, about eighteen miles from Baltimore. This place is now known as Ellicott City, in Howard county, Maryland, and is on the Patapsco river at Gwynne's Falls. The mills were famous at that time as the finest in the country and they are now thriving, although I have heard that part of the old buildings were carried away by a freshet a few years ago. It is also a tradition coming through my grandfather John Chance that the first experimental steamboat was run on the river at this place long before the time of Robert Fulton's steamboat. (See "A lost Chapter in the History of the Steamboat", written by Martha Ellicott Tyson, and read before the Maryland Historical Society, by which it is published. P. S. C.)

Jeremiah Chance wrote back to his wife to sell all his effects and join him in this country. It took months for letters to come and go, and it was not for two or three years, during which time some correspondence was carried on between them, that he knew to a certainty what she would do. Finally she wrote that her people were so opposed to her joining him in America, as they would not see her again, that she had decided never to leave her old home. My father told me that Jeremiah Chance and his wife lived a good, quiet life, that it was probably not owing to lack of attachment between the two that she would not come here, but to the opposition of her parents. It is certain that she did at first fully expect to join him here as she wrote a couple of letters telling what she was doing and saying that she would come, but at the last her parents opposed it and she wrote that she would not come. Jeremiah Chance was probably thirty-five years old when he came from England. Aside from other personal reasons for not returning to his old home, he liked this country much better than England and said he would always stay here. Whether there was a legal divorce I do

not know, but there probably was. However, in those days, marriage and divorce laws were very loose, the marriage ceremony sometimes meaning no more than jumping over a broomstick. At any rate he probably took this as legal separation, for after a few years he married again, this time a young Welsh woman who had come to America, I never knew her name. By this marriage Jeremiah Chance had three sons, (1) Jeremiah, (2)John and (3)William, and four daughters, (4)Nancy, (5)Sarah, (6)Polly and (7)Elizabeth. My father said that when he was young he had seen his grand-father Jeremiah Chance, who lived to the age of seventy-five or over.

CONCERNING THE CHILDREN OF JEREMIAH CHANCE.

The younger (1) Jeremiah had nine sons and two daughters and kept a store in eastern Ohio almost directly west of Pittsburg. I knew a Methodist Protestant preacher, I think it was George Clancy but am not sure, who used to preach down on Buck Creek, who knew Jeremiah the younger. He had been at his home and was well acquainted with him and his family, he said the family was prominent, and that three sons were Justices of the Peace. He had two grandsons who became famous, Mahlon and "Broadax" Chance. Mahlon was born in Fremont, Ohio, and lived there some years, but later moved to New York City, where he acheived success as a lawyer and speaker. He was sent as a foreign minister by President Hayes and served through most of the term of President Cleveland also. He was a great friend of James G. Blaine and stumped New York state for him in 1884. It is thought that Blaine would have selected Mahlon Chance as his Secretary of State had he been elected President. "Broad-ax" Chance was a great temperance lecturer and speaker.

(2) John Chance, the second son of Jeremiah Chance, was my grandfather.

(3) William was a saddler by trade. He married in Baltimore and left one child of whom I know nothing.

Of Jeremiah Chance's daughters, (4) Nancy married Jonathan Hunter. My father told me that Nancy Chance was a great business woman and that she was never beaten in a bargain by any man, but always came out on top in every trade. Jonathan Hunter came here in 1804 and took up a section of land in Pleasant township, Clark county. It is nearly all in strange hands now, John Hodge, Mr. Davisson and Mr. Neer owning most of it. Frank Hunter has about one hundred acres of the old land, and not so many years ago he showed me a warranty deed given to Jonathan Hunter, signed by President Monroe. Nancy Chance Hunter died in the summer of 1818 and I remember having seen her although I was but three years old.

Jonathan Hunter was a tailor by trade. He made for Governor Vance of Ohio, the first fine coat he ever had in his life. Vance was then a young man of twenty or twenty-one. As he had no money, he made a bargain with Hunter by which he mauled rails for the coat. My father knew this to be so.

Jonathan and Nancy Chance Hunter had ten children, (H-1) Elizabeth, (H-2) Polly, (H-3) Rachel, (H-4) Sarah, (H-5) John, (H-6) William, (H-7) George, (H-8) Jeremiah, (H-9) James and (H-10) Nancy.

(H-1) Elizabeth Hunter married Benjamin Violett and had two children, (a) John and (b) Julia. (a) John Violett, born in 1796 and died in 1876, married Chloe Bishop, moved to Indiana in 1829 and died worth a hundred thousand dollars. As I lived with him several years and went with him to the new country in Indiana, much of my early history I have to relate was connected with this man. (b) Julia Violett married Edmund Cavalier. They lived and died at Urbana, Ohio, and are buried in Oak Dale cemetery there.

Polly Hunter (H2), Mary was her name, married twice. By the first marriage with James Ward she had one son James who died without heirs. The son James married Martha Spry who was a daughter of Henry Spry. One day in cutting corn, he laid open the knee-joint, gangrene set in and he died from the effects of it. By the second marriage of Polly Hunter with Nathaniel Hunter,* who came from England and was no relation to her, there were two daughters, one of whom married a Funk and who died about the year 1875, and the other who married a man by the name of Johnson. Some of the children of both the girls are now living, as Mr. Hunter the insurance man here in Urbana told me a year or so ago. Nathaniel Hunter lived in the very neighborhood of Mac-o-chee. I was there and stayed with him three or four days when I was only a boy about the year 1823 or 1824.

Rachel Hunter (H-3) married Richard Bull. There were six children, only one, William, of whom I knew anything and I knew him by sight only. Rachel Bull afterwards married David Gill, but had no children by the second marriage. She is buried near Mechanicsburg.

Sarah Hunter (H-4), the youngest of the family of Jonathan Hunter, was a good-looking woman. She married Alexander Hunter, a son of the Hunter who came from England, and had several children. Alexander Hunter lived in Champaign county when he married Sarah Hunter. His home was at the exact spot where the town of Mingo now stands, and they had a fine sugr camp there. I was at his house once and took dinner with him at the time I visited Nathaniel Hunter. He then had four or five children, girls and boys, I don't know how many of each, nor their names, I never knew any of them. The same year I was there, one of the children, I don't know whether boy or girl, choked to death on a water-melon seed.

*See "History of Madison County, Ohio", Ed. 1883, pg. 327, Par. 3.

John Hunter (H-5) married Nancy Neer and they had five children, Susan, Henry, Jerry, Amos and Kitty.

William Hunter (H-6) married Blanche Hendrix and had seven children, Wesley, James, Lemuel, Jonathan, Vincent, Mary Ann who married Nathan Neer, and Miranda who married John Hodge. Vincent Hunter and I were always great friends, he inherited his business qualities from his grandmother Nancy Chance Hunter.

Did I ever tell you about the courtship of William Hunter and Blanche Hendrix? Hunter was a carpenter by trade and was once working for Mr. Hendrix, remodeling his house. Of course he saw Blanche around the house a good deal and probably thought that she was just the girl for him. He always talked in a low confidential way, and one evening after supper while seated next to her with the family and others present, he leaned over and whispered, "Say, Blanche, what do you say to us a gettin' married?" "Why", replied Blanche, "I've never thought of such a thing, I'd have to have some time to think it over." "How much time do you want?" "Why, a week anyhow." The whispered conversation was easily understood by all present and caused much merriment. That, however, ended the proposal, not another word was said on either side until the week was up when William again broached the subject. "Blanche," said he, "have you been thinkin' about what we was a-talkin' about?" Blanche said she had. He asked her what she thought of it and she said that she guessed she could stand it if he could. "Well, Blanche," said Hunter, "let's go get married next Thursday." Blanche said she couldn't get ready that soon, but promised to be ready in a week later. So with this courtship they married. John Violett told me this and he said it was so.

George Hunter (H-7) married a Ruth Fitch. They had a family of

six xhildren, all girls but two. I knew only the names of the boys, William and James, and one of the girls, Elizabeth. I saw another of the daughters after I moved to Urbana. She had married a David Sowles, and was living at the Sowles Hotel in Urbana. She was eighty-four or eighty-five years old and died only about two or three years ago. (Probably about 1889 or 1900., P. S. C.) I had a short talk with her one day, she knew we were second cousins and also knew something of our family history.

Old George Hunter built what is now known as the Sowles Hotel, in Urbana, about 1818 or 1820. I was in this building when I was about ten years old. My father and I walked up here from Catawba, and back in the same day, to do some trading, as the nearest store was here in Urbana, about eleven miles distant. I was in that tavern then and know it had been built by Hunter four or five years before. It was a new place then. Hunter was a very active man. My father said he had often seen him put his left hand on almost any horse, fifteen or sixteen hands high, and jump clear over him.

I've seen the day myself when I could put my hand on a horse's mane and jump a-straddle of him. I don't know why I'm not so active now as I was then! About the only thing I can see I have improved upon since I was young is that I can fall down very easily now. When I was young it used to take me a rod to fall after I would stumble, but now I can fall right in my tracks.

I knew nothing of Jeremiah Hunter (H-8).

James Hunter (H-9) married an Ellen McCartmell and had five children, Minerva, Louis, Ann, Mary and James.

Nancy Hunter (H-10), daughter of Jonathan and Nancy Chance Hunter, married a man by the name of Reed, and then, after his death, married John Pepper. By Reed she had two children, Jonathan and Mary Ann. Claudius Mitchell who married

Mary Ann, lived in Mechanicsburg. I used to go in often to see the old gentleman. One day he told me to try to come and see him as much as possible, as he might take a contrary spell some day and die. I told him he must not be contrary that way. But one day I went in to town on business, and seeing a funeral procession going down the street, asked who was dead, and was told it was old Mr. Mitchell. He had just sat down to the dinner-table one day and died suddenly. He was ninety-two years old. This about 1890. His wife died not long after that. They were excellent people, Mattie (Martha Chance Gehman) boarded there one winter. A Julia Miller lived with them until both died, and she lived but a few months after Mrs. Mitchell died.

Sarah Chance (5), second daughter of Jeremiah Chance, married Jonathan Jones. There were born to them seven children; John, who was married twice, but I know nothing more of him; Jonathan (John and Jonathan were different sons, I knew them both); George, who married a Durflinger- I know of only one child, a daughter, Elizabeth; William; Jeremiah; and James. There was one daughter, Polly, who married T. D. Hunt. Hunt was a carpenter and cabinet maker by trade and also made a great many coffins. He specified that when he died the following lines should be engraved on his tomb-stone:

"Here lie the remains of old William T. D. Hunt.
Seven-hundred and fifty coffins he has made,
And now in one himself is laid;
Where he goes
Nobody knows,
And how he fares,
Nobody cares."

I think Hunt is buried at Asbury, maybe at Old Vernon, but I don't know.

Polly Chance (6) married Ezekiel Davis. They had three children.

The oldest, a son, was named Ezekiel; Mary never married, died of consumption; Sarah married "Eleven" Irvin, I knew her, she was a good woman, and died about 1883. Her husband died of the cholera at Catawba when that scourge swept through the country in 1849. It is by this marriage that we are connected with the Irvins.

Elizabeth Chance (7), daughter of Jeremiah Chance, married a Potter. The couple had one child, but they parted.

John Chance, my grandfather, whom I have mentioned, was born about the year 1762 and raised where his father Jeremiah Chance had settled at the Ellicott Mills. He married a Martha Watkins of whose parentage I know nothing. The Watkins family lived probably in the same locality, as I have heard my father tell of going to his grandfather Watkins' and of seeing his home and slaves of whom he had eighteen or twenty.

About the year 1821 or 1822 my grandfather and grandmother Chance came to Clark county, Ohio, near Catawba, where his sister Nancy Chance Hunter was living. He was then about sixty years old, but lived only about three years after he came west. I was about ten years old when he died, and remember him as a man of about the average height, probably five feet, ten inches. My grandmother too was above the average in size. It was her inheritance that my grandparents lived on after they came to this state.

My grandfather was rather a fair-featured man, but all the daughters of Jeremiah Chance were rugged-faced women. My grandfather worked but very little after he came to this state as his wife had inherited enough from her father to keep them both. I never knew that my grandfather had any trade. He used to help around my father's shop sometimes. He knew how to make nice, large, wooden bowls of lynn, of which he sold a great many. Jonathan Hunter gave him the privilege of using what timber he needed free of charge.

I knew the place where he worked, felling trees and hewing out bowls, and even after I was a man, would go to that spot and know that it was where my grandfather worked.

He used to trap and hunt around the woods after he came here, and would spend many hours after night hunting coons and possums. One night he came home much agitated. He said that he was going through the forest and saw something cross the road about a rod in front of him and disappear in the bushes. He said it looked just like a man, but he could not hear the slightest sound nor could he afterwards find any trace of a person. He told father that he had a presentiment that he would not live long. Father tried to make him believe that he had imagined this, but grandfather persisted that he would not live long, and it was only two weeks until both he and grandmother died.

My grandfather and grandmother Chance died on successive days of a fever, and were buried on the same day and I think in the same grave at the old Vernon cemetery, being among the first to be interred there. This cemetery is now full but good care is taken of it. I think old Mrs. McCartmell was the first to be buried there. My father and mother, two brothers George and Samuel and a brother-in-law, John Wingfield, are buried there. My brother Walter and two sisters, Julia and Amanda, are buried at Woodstock, one sister Maria in Pleasant township, Montgomery county, another sister Elizabeth in Union county, and my sister Amelia in Loudoun county, Virginia. At old Vernon also are buried Jonathan Hunter and his family, Amos Neer and part of his family, Henry Neer and part of his family, and Enos Neer and part of his family.

On my mother's side my ancestry is carried back to my great-grandfather Smallwood who lived in London, England. In the year 1721, when he was fourteen years old, he was going to or from school one day and was crossing the famous old London Bridge when he was kidnapped by an organized band. His captors sent or took him across the ocean and indentured him to a planter in Virginia, I think Loudoun county. It took one hundred days to make the trip, and when young Smallwood arrived in this country he still had his package of schoolbooks, the only thing he carried from his old home.

The planter wrote to the father in England, but probably the latter could not raise the money necessary to give the boy passage back, as it cost a great sum to cross the ocean in those days, for young Smallwood never went back to England. He was taken in as one of the planter's family and after he became of age married the planter's daughter.

His oldest son was named William, born in Kent county, Maryland, in 1732, and he was sent afterwards, 1750, to his grandfather in London, with whom he stayed while he attended the King's Military School there, from which school he graduated in 1753. The king had the right at any time to call on graduates of this school for service as officers in his army. But William Smallwood came back to this country and lived in Maryland until the outbreak of the Revolution when he raised a regiment of Marylanders of which he was made the Colonel. This was the best trained and best equipped regiment we had at the beginning of the war. His first battle was the battle of Brooklyn; at the battle of White Plains he was wounded three times. He was at the battle of Camden with Colonel Shelby, who was afterwards Governor of Kentucky and was a fine officer, and Colonel Williams who was killed there.

At Camden, (Monmouth he says in another place. P. S. C.), Smallwood and all his men were captured by the British but they were exchanged next day for British prisoners. He was at the battles of Long Island, at Trenton (?), where he assisted in capturing the Hessians, and at Brandywine. ("After the last named battle, he, with Wayne and Knox, were appointed to lead the army in three sections and meet Washington at Valley Forge. In the night Wayne's column was attacked by the British and owing to the blunder of his second in command he lost one hundred and eighteen men. Smallwood tried to reach Wayne with his part of the army but as most of the men were new, raw recruits he could do nothing with them. His own bravery and alertness were never doubted, even if he did not give relief to Wayne."- Ridpath.)

This was known as the battle of Paoli, and there is a monument erected there now to commemorate the event. General Smallwood was also at many other important battles of the Revolution and at Yorktown, "where he rendered distinguished services." In 1788 he was made Governor of Maryland.

It was a younger brother of his, Bean Smallwood, who was my mother's father, but I was named after my great-uncle, General William Smallwood. An old Revolutionary soldier who fought under the General and who was living near Catawba when I was a young man, said I greatly resembled his old commander.

This man, known as "Old Jim" Hunt, an uncle to William T. D. Hunt, (page 8), said he fought during the whole Revolutionary War under General Smallwood, and said that Smallwood was the best swordsman of his time. Hunt took great pleasure in telling stories of the war and anecdotes of officers in the army and of his fellow soldiers.

He said that one day General Smallwood was drilling their regiment, which had about five hundred men, when General Carlton with eight hun-

dred cavalrymen came up within fifty yards of them. The British waited for our men to open fire on them, thinking then to rout them, but as our men did not fire, the British rode away. General Smallwood, who was mounted on a black stallion, after the British had gone, stopped in front of Private Hunt. "Well, Hunt," said he, "were you scared?" "No," replied Hunt, "I knew we would give them a warm reception." Smallwood took a flask of brandy from his pocket and handing it to Hunt, said, "Take some of that and pass it around as far as it will go."

Hunt was with Smallwood at the battles of Brandywine and Camden. At the battle of Camden, Gates, who was in command, was a base coward. Hunt said that Gates ran his horse seventy-five miles until he killed him. DeKalb was killed in this battle. Smallwood said that if he had had command that day he believed he could have beaten Cornwallis. Even after Gates was gone and was ten or twenty miles away Smallwood rallied the militia two or three times and they fought well but the British regulars were too much for them and they were captured but were exchanged next day.

Note by P. S. C.- See MacSherry, "History of Maryland," published in 1847. Copy in the Springfield, Ohio, Public Library. References to the military career of General Smallwood form interesting data in this book. See pages 164, 196, 197, 199, 229, 273, 275, 317. There is also a complete list of all the officers under General Smallwood during the Revolution, compiled by the General himself. On page 317 is the following beautiful tribute by the historian:

"But the memory of Smallwood seems nearly forgotten; and on his paternal estate now in the hands of strangers, he sleeps in a lonely grave by the waters of the Potomac almost within sight of the tomb of his great leader at Mount Vernon- near him in death as he had adhered to him in life.

"Faithful, modest, brave and patient in his life, he sleeps there in death, unhonored, without a tombstone to mark the spot, or an enclosure to protect his last resting-place from desecration- seldom remembered by those who pass, between the graves of the two generals, to the capital of the nation."

My grandfather, Bean Smallwood, lived near Leesburg, Loudoun county, Virginia, about ten or fifteen miles from Harper's Ferry. He had an estate of about one hundred and sixty acres and owned ten slaves as I have heard my mother say. It was here that my mother was born in 1789, and she has told me that she could stand at her father's home and look over the Potomac into Maryland.

On Sundays the negroes had the privilege of visiting their friends on the neighboring plantations. The best slave my grandfather owned took advantage of this and went one Sunday to visit a "nigger" at his cabin on another farm. When he got to his friend's cabin the wife came to the door and told him the children had the small-pox, but if he would come in she would make them go under the bed so that he wouldn't get it. This arrangement having been made, he went in and ate dinner with them. About ten days after that he took sick. The Smallwoods valued him at about a thousand dollars and of course wanted to do all they could for him. Not knowing he had the small-pox, they took him to the house and gave him a bed where they could take care of him. It was about three days after that before the doctor pronounced the case smallpox. My grandfather and grandmother both took the disease and died and all the children had it too, but they and the "nigger" all got well. My grandfather and grandmother Smallwood died about 1795.

The children, as far as I know, were Walter, Dians, George, Sukey (probably for Susan), and Mary, who was my mother. My mother was but slightly marked and in later years, even after I was married, served as a nurse for small-pox patients.

Of my mother's brothers, Uncle Walter Smallwood came to Springfield, Ohio, in 1804, perhaps in 1802, and he was then about twenty-four years old. He was a blacksmith by trade and had a shop on West Main Street about a mile west of what is now Market street. He worked there until the year 1858 when he went to St. Louis, where all his boys were. Some of our soldier boys said they saw him in that city at the end of the war and that he was a white-headed old man. I never just liked the man and saw him but a few times. I was at his house only twice, and I think that he was never at our house. He married a Miss Scott in Virginia and had a good-sized family, three daughters, Sarah, Amanda and Scottie, and three sons, Louis, Wilkison and Walter. Sarah married John Martin. I saw Louis only a couple of times, but Wilkison was at our house two or three times so I was tolerably well acquainted with him. Louis and Wilkison both studied law but I think neither was gifted in it. I know that Wilkison could not plead a case at all and he finally gave up the practice of law altogether. Walter was much younger than I. I know nothing of the other children.

Uncle Dians Smallwood lived in Virginia too and had a family of children, I do not know how many. He had the small-pox worse than any of the other children, came near dying and was dreadfully marked.

Uncle George Smallwood was a cooper by trade. He came here in 1811 but did not find much work to do at his trade. He stayed at my father's house some of the time, but left in about three years for the salt works on the Kanawha river in West Virginia. There he had some property, worth pro-

bably four or five thousand dollars, when he died about 1845. My brother John went there that year in my mother's interest. Uncle George had told some people there that he had a quarter-section of Congress land near Springfield, Ohio, and that his sister, who married Samuel Chance, lived on it. But that was not so, as they never lived on it, nor did we ever know that he had any land here at all. George Smallwood was a truthful man and we think that he had the land and Uncle Walter got all of it, for when the estate was settled up he was the first to know of his brother's death and his leaving property in West Virginia, and never made any effort to tell my mother of it. I happened to be in Springfield and heard something said about it. It was the first intimation I had of it and I told my mother about it at once. When my brother John was in Virginia the people there that knew Walter Smallwood said he resembled his uncle very strongly. The administrator of the estate made my brother John believe that he would probably get but little, so on signing papers releasing mother's claim he received one hundred dollars. The trip there cost him eighteen dollars.

Sukey married David Goden and died of cancer of the breast. She was married when her father and mother died, and Mary, my mother, went to live with her until she was married. I think Aunt Sukey died before mother left Virginia.

My mother was married to my father in Loudoun county, Virginia, in 1807, and they had one child there, Amelia; she was about a year old when she died with the croup. My mother got only about four or five hundred dollars from her father's estate, she said she should have had a thousand dollars at the least if things had been managed right.

In 1810 my father and mother came to this state, my sister Elizabeth was t.[illegible]n about six months old. My father had bought two fine horses

in Virginia, but they both died within a year after he came here, as they were not able to live on the wild grass, which was the only kind of hay there was. He moved into a log-cabin and his shop was right by it. This was about three and a half miles due west of Catawba and about half a mile off the road now leading from Catawba to Mechanicsburg. There three of us children were born, my brother John, Nov. 30, 1812; Walter, Feb. 17, 1818; and myself, July 14, 1815.

My father learned his trade of wagon-wright from a John Quick. Quick was an old Revolutionary soldier. He told my father once that he saw a man shot in the mouth, the bullet coming out the back of his head. About six months later he said he saw the same man back in the army again.

During the war of 1812, my father and a great many of our neighbors were drafted. Among them I remember father used to speak of some that went, old Jacob Ellsworth, cousin of Moses the preacher, and William Hunter. They were under Captain Lemmen, and were stationed at the St. Mary's block-house. My father was there several weeks but was allowed to go home on account of sickness in the family. Others who were from our vicinity and stationed in the same region were Captain John Mitchell of Urbana, and Captain, afterwards Colonel, Joe Fisher of Catawba.

One of the brothers of Bean Smallwood had a son, Uncle Parmeaness we used to call him, who came to Ohio about 1818-1820 and settled on Dugan's Prairie between Mechanicsburg and Urbana. About 1824-1826 he sold his farm to "old man" Samuel Hume and went to Sangamon county, Illinois, about four or five miles from Springfield. He sold his land here for about ten or twelve dollars an acre. Now it is tilled and improved and is worth nearly a hundred dollars an acre. Uncle Parmeaness lived in Illinois the rest of his life and had a family of four or five boys and several girls./ About

Two of the sons were George and John.

February 1841 his widow was at my father's house, Uncle Parmeaness had then been dead for two or three years, and she said he was worth probably a hundred thousand dollars.

EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM CHANCE

The first thing I remember was when my next younger brother Walter was born, Feb. 17, 1818, I was then about two and a half years old. The next event that impressed me, and I remember that like a book, was when my father moved from Moorefield township where I was born. On Christmas Day, 1818, mother and we children came up in a sleigh when the snow was a foot deep, and our goods came up in a wagon. We moved into a cabin in which James Hunter used to live before he built his new house. It was a comfortable log house, shingle-roof and split-stick chimney. It was on the northeastern corner of the land of James Hunter and close to Vernon church, which was on the same quarter-section.

When I was about three years old I found a bird's nest in a tree close to the house. I used to go and see it several times a day. But my sister found it too and destroyed it and broke the eggs. It grieved me so that I went off and cried over it. About this time I remember seeing a crowd of men and boys with guns and dogs go past our house. I asked my father what they were doing and he said they were on the track of a bear. We heard afterwards that the dogs had treed the bear and the men shot him. This is the nearest I ever came of engaging in a bear hunt!

Before I was four years old I started to school with the other children. Samuel Harris was the teacher, but I did not go there long as Harris taught in Moorefield township where we used to live and it was a four mile walk from our home and too much for me. But John and Elizabeth, Betsy as we used to call her, went right along.

I did not start to school again until I was about six years old. The school was a subscription one and the parents paid three dollars a quart-

er for each child. The teacher was Samuel Lafferty, he used to get about thirteen dollars a month from his school and boarded himself. He was a good pen-man and I have some specimens of his writing now. Lafferty was also a Justice of the Peace and that gave him some income. Sometimes we would be entertained by couples who would come right into our school-room to be married. School would stop during the ceremony, which was always short, and we children would be witnessee. Excepting about two or three years, nearly all the schooling I had was under this teacher. Among the boys and girls who used to go to school when I did, were the Hunter, Ferguson, Neer, Cartmell and Henry Arbogast children, my own brothers and sisters, and others I do not remember.

Squire Lafferty was Justice of the Peace of Pleasant township, Clark county, Ohio, for thirty-five or forty years and was a capable man for the place. Once my father was running Lafferty for the office, and as he was not anxious for the place, cast his vote for Lafferty who was elected by the one vote.

(Note by Mrs. William (Henrietta Jones) Chance: "Squire Lafferty's daughter Mary married Mart Inman. Walter Chance's wife, Martha Inman, was a sister to Mart Inman. After Walter Chance and his wife were married, they and Mart Inman and his wife went down on the river and had a store on the boat. Three years on the river they lived after we were married, and then they lived with us several weeks until they got to house-keeping again.")

I think my father was the most religious man I ever saw. Every morning and evening we would call his family together, would read from the Scriptures, sing a hymn and pray, no matter who was present. He always had a certain place by the forge where he would go every day to pray, and I used to creep up outside the shop and listen to him. My father's house was a reg-

EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM CHANCE

The first thing I remember was when my next younger brother Walter was born, Feb. 17, 1818, I was then about two and a half years old. The next event that impressed me, and I remember that like a book, waswhen my father moved from Moorefield township where I was born. On Christmas Day, 1818, mother and we children came up in a sleigh when the snow was a foot deep, and our goods came up in a wagon. We moved into a cabin in which James Hunter used to live before he built his new house. It was a comfortable log house, shingle-roof and split stick chimney. It was on the northeastern corner of the land of James Hunter and close to Vernon church, which was on the same quarter-section.

When I was about three years old I found a bird's nest in a tree close to the house. I used to go and see it several times a day. But my sister found it too and destroyed it and broke the eggs. It grieved me so that I went off and cried over it. About this time I remember seeing a crowd of men and boys with guns and dogs go past our house. I asked my father what they were doing and he said they were on the track of a bear. We heard afterwards that the dogs had treed the bear and the men shot him. This is the nearest I ever came of engaging in a bear hunt!

Before I was four years old I started to school with the other children. Samuel Harris was the teacher, but I did not go there long as Harris taught in Moorefield township where we used to live and it was a four mile walk from our home and too much for me. But John and Elizabeth, Betsy as we used to call her, went right along.

I did not start to school again until I was about six years old. The school was a subscription one and the parents paid three dollars a quart-

er for each child. The teacher was Samuel Lafferty, he used to get about thirteen dollars a month from his school and boarded himself. He was a good pen-man and I have some specimens of his writing now. Lafferty was also a Justice of the Peace and that gave him some income. Sometimes we would be entertained by couples who would come right into our school-room to be married. School would stop during the ceremony, which was always short, and we children would be witnesses. Excepting about two or three years, nearly all the schooling I had was under this teacher. Among the boys and girls who used to go to school when I did, were the Hunter, Ferguson, Neer, Cartmell and Henry Arbogast children, my own brothers and sisters, and others I do not remember.

Squire Lafferty was Justice of the Peace of Pleasant township, Clark county, Ohio, for thirty-five or forty years and was a capable man for the place. Once my father was running against Lafferty for the office, and as he was not anxious for the place, cast his vote for Lafferty who was elected by the one vote.

(Note by Mrs. William (henrietta Jones) Chance: "Squire Lafferty's daughter Mary married Mart Inman. Walter Chance's wife, Martha Inman, was a sister to Mart Inman. After Walter Chance and his wife were married, they and Mart Inman and his wife went down on the river and had a store on the boat. Three years on the river they lived after we were married, and then they lived with us several weeks until they got to house-keeping again.")

I think my father was the most religious man I ever saw. Every morning and evening he would call his family together, would read from the Scriptures, sing a hymn and pray, no matter who was present. He always had a certain place by the forge where he would go every day to pray, and I used to creep up outside the shop and listen to him. My father's house was a reg-

ular "preacher-tavern", a stopping-place for all the preachers on our circuit. I was nearly always afraid of these men and when they would come around I would run off to the woods. But I was more afrid of a drunken man than I was of the preachers, if I would see one come up the road he would have hard work to get sight of me. At that time the Methodists of this part of the state were taxed one dollar a year, twenty-five cents a quarter, and it was hard work to raise even that. I remember one winter when I was about seven years old I had to stay away from school because I had no shoes to wear. It was pretty hard for me to have to stay in the house barefoot and look at the other children playing around and having a good time.

My father had a large family. He was a wagon-wright by trade and would make the running gears of a wagon for eighteen dollars, or bed and all complete for twenty-five dollars, but as it took him about two weeks to make one, it can be seen that he did not have a large income. Yet, as father was the only wagon-maker around this part of the country, he was always busy and we lived well. But food-stuffs were then cheap, could get hogs dressed for a dollar and a half a hundred pounds. Even as late as 1826, John Violett sold fine hogs weighing three hundred pounds for two dollars and a half, gross weight.

When I was about nine years old I went to live with John Violett who was a distant relative and neighbor of ours, living about ten miles from my home. He was with General Harrison at the siege of Fort Meigs. Violett was a carpenter by trade and often had to go off on jobs of work and would be gone several days, and he wanted me to be sort of protection and company for his wife. There I stayed for nearly three years and went to school about a mile and a half south of where the Urbana Camp-grounds are now. I plowed corn for Violett the summer I was nine years old.

One fall when I was about nine years old I was helping husk corn for Henry Neer. He was a very religioue man, had family prayers and would often pray an hour. One night I went to sleep during his prayer and did not know when he finished until one of the boys waked me up. I was very much surprised and suppose there was never a rabbit scared from a brush-heap that looked any wilder than I. One day while loading saw-logs Henry neer broke one of his arms. He got happy over it and went to the house swinging that arm around in all directions and repeating that verse of St. Paul's, "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." His friends supposed he would lose his arm, but they set it all right and it got well.

The winter of 1824-1825 I lived with Jonathan Page. He was with General St. Clair when he was so badly defeated by the Indians. That battle was fought in 1791 about forty miles from Urbana, Ohio, slightly west of north, and the nearest fortified place was then at Fort Jefferson at Cincinnati, and Page,with others, fled there for protection.

I used to work for Page and earned my board while I went to school. I had to work all day Saturday too, and Page would never let me off until sundown of that day, when I would go home to stay during Sunday. Although it was four and a half miles from there to our house I always got home before dark as I was very active and would run much of the way. I remember one day running a mile before I stopped. Part of my road lay through "the knobs", which part was very rough and hilly and thickly wooded for about a mile, and led past the old Vernon grave-yard. I was never much of a coward after night, but one night as I was going home and was passing through these woods, an owl, probably thinking that I was about to disturb her young, flew down around me, startling me so by snapping her bill and flapping her wings

so close to my ears, that I ran nearly all the rest of the way home.

The fall and winter of 1827, when I was twelve years old, I was at Violett's again, fed thirty-six head of hogs, cut the feed and hauled it out on a sled, all by myself.

During the summer of 1828, when I was thirteen years old, I worked for "Billy" Hendrix, Blanche's brother, this side of Mutual (east), and plowed and harrowed with teams the same as a man. Late that fall and part of the winter I was at home and in January was back with Violett again and went to school. That winter I had only one horse and a cow to care for. At Violett's I got my board only, but from that time on I earned my own living.

Along about this time the government bought land of the Pottawotamies and the fame of its fertility reached this section of the country. It was to be opened for settlement in 1829. John Violett went out in 1828 and was over a great part of that region but liked the Elkhart Prairie best of all. So he selected a site for his claim and made all arrangements to go back in the spring and settle on the land.

In January of 1829 Violett came to our house and proposed that I go with him in the spring and help him in the new country. My mother did not want me to go at all, but my father gave his consent and as I was anxious to make the trip, it was arranged that I should go.

PART THREE

A TRIP TO INDIANA

On the morning of the seventeenth of March, 1829, we started from Quill Bishop's farm which was about three miles south of Urbana. There were two parties of us to travel in each other's company. In our party were John Violett, James Bishop, Henry Hunter and I. There were but two in the other party, John Hill and Daniel McKinnon, a brother-in-law of Violett's and a relative of the McKinnons who used to live near South Charleston, Ohio. They each had a wagon and two yoke of oxen of their own. We had three yoke of oxen hitched to a wagon my father had made. It was well made, I know Violett still used it in 1839 and it was a good wagon then. We took no stock but one cow and it was my duty to drive it. Hunter drove the oxen to the wagon.

The first day while going through Urbana a runaway team of horses ran into our outfit, striking our middle yoke, knocking the oxen over and pulling their wagon completely over them. Violett supposed his steers were killed or badly hurt, but there was no damage done excepting that the yoke was broken and some time was lost in getting another, so the first night we had gone only as far as the village of Westville about five miles from Urbana and nine miles from our starting place. But after the first day we made better time although we had to cut our way much of the time as the roads, where there were any, were in terrible condition.

The second night we put up at Sidney then a small place, but we did not stay in a house again until we reached Shayne's Prairie where we spent one night at a tavern. All the other nights we pitched our tent which was made of coarse linen. We would take four forked sticks and with poles

was made of coarse linen. We would take four forked sticks and with poles would make a tent about eight by ten feet, open in front and closed at the sides and back. In front we built a big log fire and kept it up all night. All six of us slept inside. The oxen stayed out by the wagons and never offered to go away. So we traveled, making only about ten or twelve miles a day.

It was at Fort Wayne I saw my first Indians, two squaws! The old block-houses of General Wayne were then standing as when he left them some twenty-five years before. At this place the St. Mary's river makes a bend about a half a mile across and it was in this space that the fort was built. The fortifications consisted of embankments along the river front and of the block-houses, twenty-five to thirty or perhaps more in number, all built closely together in such a manner as to repel most effectually any Indian attack, and at the time I saw them would have turned any rifle-ball that could have been sent against them. The block-houses were built of logs nearly all of a foot or more in diameter and ten to fifteen feet long, and were chinked and plastered. They were two stories high, without roof, and with many port-holes. The first story was about ten feet high and the second projected over the first about three feet, making scaling difficult. Wayne had about five thousand men with him there. They lived entirely off the game in which the country abounded.

The country beyond this point was practically a wilderness, not a stick amiss you might say, between Fort Wayne and the north pole! We crossed the St. Mary's river ten or fifteen miles above Fort Wayne. Beyond the river we came to the cabin of a pioneer and camped for the night about a hundred yards from it. In the evening this man came out to our tent and entertained us with tales about that region, and especially of the wild game.

He spoke particularly of the great numbers of wild hogs, and we could see traces of them where they had been rooting around the trees for nuts. He said he would rather meet four bears than one male wild hog.

One day while out hunting he had an encounter with one of these beasts. Hearing the barking of his dog, that had gone on ahead of him on some trail, and a crashing through the bushes, he at once thought of the wild hog. Knowing his ferocious disposition and almost impenetrable hide, he cast about for some way of escape. Close by him was a tree over-turned by a wind storm. Climbing on its trunk he quickly ran up in safety just in time to see the dog emerge from the bushes pursued by the boar. Not being able to get the dog, the boar came up within a few yards of the tree, where catching sight of this man, he stood staring fiercely at him and cracking his tusks so the the noise could have been heard for fifty yards. Our pioneer took aim at the hog at the spot between his eyes, about his only vulnerable spot, and sent a bullet into his brain killing the beast instantly. This man kept the tusks as trophies of the encounter, and showed them to us; they were the largest tusks I ever saw, and if straightened out would have been about ten inches long. We did not meet with any of these animals on our travels.

On the fourth of April, the seventeenth day out, we finished our two-hundred mile trip at the Elkhart river. Although it was cool weather and there was light snow on the ground part of the time, we slept in taverns or houses only three nights, the other nights camping out. The Elkhart river was swollen from an ice gorge further down stream and was full of ice and slush. At this point where the town of Benton now stands, the river was about fifty yards across. To test the river's depth I took the tongue yokeof oxen and started to wade them across, but as I got further from the

bank where the water was deep and swift, the oxen swam for two or three rods until they found their footing again. Large cakes of ice would come floating down and strike the oxen with great force. The oxen were immense fellows, twin calves, one being sixteen hands high and the mate but little less. They were pretty large for a lad of my size to swim across a swollen stream like this, but by getting up on my knees on the back of one of the oxen and holding on to the yoke, I made it all right. After I was safe on the other side I waved to my friends and told them I had crossed the Jordan and for them to come over and join me. But we saw it would be impossible to cross with the wagons then, and, not knowing how long we should have to wait, I swam the oxen back to the other side again. However, the ice-gorge below broke in a few hours and the water rapidly went down so that all crossed safely about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The banks of the river were very high, probably twenty feet, and their steep slope back from the stream was covered with a thick growth of cedar. Next to this there was a fringe of hazel all along the river, the largest I ever saw, all of seventeen feet high. One day I saw a spot covered with nothing but hazel, all of twenty acres, and the bushes were as full of nuts as they could hang. I cut a stick off of one bush and took it home with me. The horse bit off six inches or more, but after that I measured it and it was just seventeen feet long. This was in 1837 when I was hauling wheat to South Bend and the hazel was growing about ten miles below Goshen.

There were beautiful forests of burr-oak and white-oak, hickory and a few black oaks. In the bottoms there were sugar-maple, white and black walnut and poplar. I saw one fine black walnut which was about seven feet in diameter. There were probably a thousand acres of sugar-trees,

some of them four feet in diameter, standing ten to fifteen feet apart, the lower limbs clearing the ground by forty or fifty feet. These trees had never been tapped, excepting perhaps a few by the Indians who lived near. In 1829 I was on the very spot where the city of Goshen, Indiana, is now, and we met a friendly Indian there. The whole place was a wilderness, nothing but burr-oak, white-oak and hazel, no nice timber in it, but so dense that no one could ride a horse through it at all. There was not a habitation of white man to be seen at that place, and only about thirty families settled on the whole Elkhart prairie that spring.

On that day, the fourth of April, when we crossed the Elkhart river, we looked over the land and the next day commenced the construction of our cabin. We built it on an eminence about fifty yards back from the river. It was a most beautiful location with a commanding view up and down the river and over the plains. McKinnon and Hill had their places picked out, beautiful timber-land much of it. But McKinnon had a bad dream about home and he and Hill hitched up and went back not staying more than two or three days. Violett told Bishop, Hunter and me that if we were homesick and wanted to go back too that he would pay our expenses. I do not remember being homesick for I was full of curiosity to see the country and especially the Indians. So we four stayed, Bishop and Violett each taking up fine land. Hunter and I did not enter any claims. I was only fourteen, but Violett wanted me to take a quarter-section. As I thought I shouldn't want to stay out there, I failed to grasp this opportunity for Violett made me a splendid offer to stay with him, promising me if I should take a quarter-section then and let him work it, to keep me until I would be of age, sending me to school all he could, and then give me a good horse, saddle and bridle. If I had accepted this generous offer I would have been worth not

less than three thousand dollars the day I was twenty-one.

Well, we commenced our farming. Violett did the cooking. He was a splendid cook, could make as nice bread and biscuits as any woman I ever saw. He had bought another pair of steers on our way out, so we started the plowing with four yokes of oxen. The turf was very hard to break up, as it was covered with coarse sage-grass which grew as high as a man's head. But our four yokes of oxen pulled the plow through that sod and turned a furrow twenty-two inches wide, plowing first a few furrows around a three or four acre plot and then burning off the grass inside. The ground was full of gophers, and every two or three hours we would see a prairie-wolf, and black snakes were thick. Prairie-chickens were so numerous that their noise in the mornings was deafening. Deer were plentiful and did not seem startled at our presence, we could see them almost any time while at work. One day we were out putting up fence and a couple of deer passed so close to us that I threw my hat and hit one and they scampered off up the prairie. We watched them for four miles before they reached timber, and in the race the buck outran his mate probably a quarter of a mile.

On the twenty-fourth of April we had a heavy snow-storm with terrific thunder and lightning, and snow fell to a depth of six inches, but in a few hours it had all melted away.

Did you ever see a prairie fire? We had plowed about half our ground and were working at it one day when we saw the fire coming miles away. Elkhart prairie is five miles wide and seven long. Some careless or mischievous person had set the grass afire in the upper end and it came down in a blaze nearly twenty feet high. Seeing the danger to our cabin, we took the oxen and plowed three furrows around it, and none too soon for it was on us. Although about the first of May, the dry grass of the year

before still stood on the plains and it burned very fast. It would have taken a good horse in a gallop to keep up with it as it came five miles in the short time since we first saw it. We had quite a good many rails made then and although they were very green it scorched them some. But the fire was a good thing for our land as it burned off the sage grass and made our plowing as much easier again. It was death to snakes of which there were many, especially the black vipers. They were short, not over four feet long, but two inches through many of them. Their bite was very poisonous but none of us were bitten by them.

Each had his work to do. Hunter held the plow and I drove the oxen for him. Violett and Bishop made rails with which to fence the ground, and Hunter and I worked at it part of the time. One day I cut my own trees and made seventy-five rails all by myself. We planted our corn, using a paddle about four inches wide with which we would part the broken soil and drop in two grains of corn, one at each side of the paddle. We planted only every other furrow and about three feet apart in the row. We did not use a plow after planting nor did we cultivate the crop at all and not a weed was to be seen in it. Although I was not there for gathering in the corn in the fall, Violett told me it averaged forty-five bushels to the acre. The wheat for the next summer too averaged thirty-eight bushels to the acre, sixty-four pounds to the bushel.

The Indian trail from Michigan to the Wabash river passed not more than ten to fifteen feet from the front door of our cabin, and there would be twenty-five to thirty Indians go past in crowds every few days. The Indian braves carried bows and arrows which were made of the finest materials. The bows were made of wood fine and springy with strings of deerskin. They had quivers made of skins which would carry thirty or forty arrows, great

long ones with fine stone points. How these points were made so nicely without metal tools I never found out.

We had a dog with us that hated the sight of an Indian so that we had to keep him chained or he would jump right at them. One day Violett sent me out to hunt the oxen and told me not to go into the woods for fear I should get lost. I went down the river a piece and then out onto the edge of the prairie when I saw two Indians coming horseback. They were probably peacable, but it frightened me, so I skipped back into the hazel brush and ran as fast as I could. They probably didn't see me for I was not followed. I was going back to the men when I came across the oxen, so took them with me.

We were right in the heart of the Pottawottomie country, could see the Indians in their native haunts and talked to them many times. At first I talked with those who spoke English and later, after I had learned some of their language, I talked to others in their own tongue. I remember some words now, as, Buzh-oo, how-do-you-do; Nip-pee, salt; Skoo-ta, prairie; Bee-bee, white; Bee-bee Skoo-ta, White Pigeon Prairie, (in Michigan); Sha-mo-ka man, white man; Mach-e-tone, clear out, and many others. I was convinced then that the Indian was most shamefully treated by the whites. Talk about the cruelty of the Indians, why there were ten Indians killed to every white man! See the "Life of Louis Whitsell" for account of the massacre of the Moravian Indians.

We were often visited by Indians who wished to trade us fish and game in return for salt or corn meal. They could not realize the value of coin and wanted great sumsfor trifles when they would give much more for beads. They would demand four or five dollars in money for something not worth fifty cents. For a pint of corn meal or a tea cup of salt they would

give us twenty-five pounds of fish. Once, two squaws came to our cabin. One of the women had a papoose and both rode ponies. I watched the child play around the legs of the ponies/while the squaws were dickering with Violett and fully expected it would be killed but the pony did not seem to care and neither did the mother. They wanted to sell us some fish and brought out a sturgeon which Violett bought. Afterwards they produced a fine specimen of red-horse fish. When asked why they did not show that at first, they laughed and considered it a hugh joke on us as they thought we would not have bought the sturgeon at all if we had seen the red-horse, but we got the red-horse too for about a quart of corn meal. The squaws saw us milking our cow and seemed to think it quite a curiosity.

One old chief, Tip-paw, had a wigwam down in the timber by the river. He got badly hurt in a drunken fight with another Indian, Bon-ak, who thrust a long knife blade entirely through his shoulder. When he was helpless we used to take him cakes, corn meal and salt for which he was very grateful and in turn had his squaw give us honey and maple-sugar he had gathered. This old Indian had two children, a boy and a girl who married young Rousseau(?), (pronounced Roo-saw), a wealthy French trader, I saw her often in the wigwam where she was living with her father and mother. When we were there that summer we used to lay off from work on Sundays, and the young Indian boy, Tip-paw found it out pretty quick. He was about my size and age and we grew to be fast friends. He had a bow and arrow. He had one arrow with a spike in the end of it and could sink it into the trees. He used to let me practice with it and after a little I could shoot about as well as he. When the United States government was negotiating a treaty with the Pottawottomi tribe by which their land would be opened up for white settlement the old chief Tip-paw would not sign with

the other chiefs unless the government would guarantee him four sections of land wherever in that country he might choose it. This arrangement was made and Tip-paw took up the land on what was known as Turkey Creek prairie. The son went to Kansas with the rest of the tribe in 1838 and left the land on possession of Rousseau who built a fine house for his Indian bride and lived magnificently for some years. The young bride had everything money would buy but was more content with some friends remaining of her own people in their rude huts on the Wabash then in her mansion. After some years she sickened and died, leaving him two boys, John and William. Then Rousseau married a white girl, Agnes Irvin, who was born and raised only about four or five miles west of Catawba, Ohio. But both were dead when I was in Indiana in 1881. The boys by the Indian wife were both drunkards and were living at Warsaw, Indiana, and had lost much of their inheritance. They were at that time about fifty years old and both were counted as whites. I saw a man who knew both of the boys well and never knew, until I told him, that they had any Indian blood about them, although he said he had often noticed their dark skins.

We used to have a canoe on the Elkhart river which the Middleton boys made out of a poplar that grew on the river bank. It was at least forty feet long, about three and a half feet beam and was cut out until the wood was not more than three inches thick. This used to furnish us great sport, sometimes there would be twelve or fifteen of us in it at once. Five or six of the crew would paddle or pole it according to the depth of the river. The river was full of fine fish. I have stood on the bank and watched schools of them passing through the clear water sometimes two hundred to three hundred in a bunch. Some sturgeon were exceptionally large. Violett, one morning before breakfast, gigged a stur-

geon that was over four feet long, his head was over a foot long. That fish lasted us a whole week. I remember one day that Ben Bennett went to the river to catch some fish with gig. He was standing on a log out in the stream when he saw a large sturgeon and stuck him. The fish pulled him off the log and got away with the broken gig in his body. Bennett being a good swimmer got out of the water all right. A few days afterwards Jim Bishop found the dead body of an immense sturgeon on the river bank sever[al] miles up stream with part of a broken gig in it, which Bennett identified as his. Bishop had measured the fish and said it was just nine feet long.

There were thousands of fish in the waters of the river, but the problem was to get them. They seemed to pay no attention to bait on a hook and we had no seine, so we made a brush drag. Taking grape-vines from the woods, we fastened them together in a rope until it was long enough to reach across the river. Then we cut brush and fastened it to the main rope with grape-vines and withes of bark, the drag being about sixty feet long. After we had tramped it into as dense a mass as we could, we rolled the drag into the river. It took several of us to work it, two men at each end on either side of the stream, and three or four of us on top riding it so that it would drag the bottom. We carried it down to a riffle where the water was not more than a foot deep and caught the fish that hid in the drag. At one time we caught about one hundred and thirty fish, and fine ones too. One that I caught was a red-horse two feet long, but I think it would have gotten away from me but for one of the men who helped me. That one fish lasted us for three or four meals and we were big eaters too. He weighed more than forty pounds, was over two feet long and about seven or eight inches through the body.

And so, amid such novel experiences, we lived and worked and when the first day of July came, having broken up twenty-five acres of the virgin soil, planted it, made the rails and fenced it all in, we were ready to start for home again. As Violett wished to go back to Ohio and get his family on that day, we all started back on foot to travel the two hundred miles to our homes, leaving Jim Bishop to care for the place. Each one had a knapsack on his back in which he carried his clothes and some food. The first day we walked about forty miles and at night came to Blue river where there was a tavern, the only one between Violett's place and Ft. Wayne, a distance of about seventy miles. The second day we reached Ft. Wayne at noon, where we met the United States surveyors. They wanted Hunter and me to join them, offering him twenty dollars a month and me fourteen dollars. But Hunter was engaged to be married and wouldn't join them at any price and I wouldn't go unless he would, so I missed a great opportunity to see much more of the new country.

From Ft. Wayne it was twenty-two or twenty-three miles to the next cabin and although we had gone thirty miles since morning we had the afternoon before us and decided to try to make it before night. We had had no water since noon and were very thirsty as it was hot weather. Night came on and we were still about two miles from our destination. I told Violett that I could not go any farther and as we all were tired and exhausted we laid down by a big log and slept until morning when we went to the tavern and got water and our breakfast. Violett said he didn't sleep much and saw an animal prowling around which he thought likely was a wolf. I heard nothing as I slept very soundly. But that was the hardest day's work I ever did in my life, in fact it was about as much as any fourteen year old boy ought to try. The tavern was a double log cabin.

Then it was twenty miles to the next house.

On the next day we came to Shayne's prairie in Darke county, Ohio, beautiful country and good land, which was well settled then, and passed through the little town of Riley. This town was founded by Captain Riley, a sea-captain who was captured by the Arabs in a ship-wreck on the coast of Arabia. The Arabs sold him to an Englishman (Side Hammett?), and the United States government redeemed him. It was a pretty place for a village, being about a half mile from the Sain Mary's river which was then about fifty yards across. In 1837 there were only about half a dozen houses there.

The night of the fifth day found us about three or four miles west of the town of Westville. A widow promised to keep us at her house that night, but as she made no preparations for supper for us we decided to go on to Westville, and although very tired we made it all right and found some friends, one a man by the name of Mouser. We started for Urbana the next morning before Breakfast and reached there in time to eat our morning meal with Julia Violett Cavalier, whose grandmother Elizabeth Hunter Violett was a sister of my grandfather John Chance. The next day at noon I reached my home. The first news my mother had from me since I left in the spring was my own appearance that day in July when she saw me coming around the house while the family was at the dinner-table and said "There is William".

It has been many years since I made that trip to Indiana, but its scenes and events are as fresh in my mind as if it had been yesterday, and while I have lived long, my life since that time seems uninteresting and but little different from that of any ordinary man who works hard and tries to live right.

PART FOUR

YOUTH AND YOUNG MANHOOD

O F

WILLIAM CHANCE.

When I got back from Indiana I worked for John Bishop until cold weather, and then a month for John Cartmell and there broke my right arm (radius, middle third), I started to school with my arm in a sling and one day was playing with the other children in the school-yard when a man who was husking corn in an adjoining field threw some ears at us, on hitting my arm and breaking it over again. It never looked right after that. The next summer I plowed and tended twenty acres of corn without help, except in planting, and got about sixty bushels to the acre. The next summer, when I was sixteen, I worked for Tom Cartmell. At the age of seventeen I went to work for Jacob Van Meter and was there five years. The Van Meters were the most aristocratic and wealthy people in Champaign county. I suppose that I was not worth more than five dollars then, but now I am worth more than any child Jacob Van Meter has.

While here I did nearly two men's work all the time. One time in hay-harvest I pitched nine tons of hay from half-past six o'clock in the morning until noon. George Hunt and George Hoover had pitched between them one hundred and fifty hay-cocks in a day, and I used to stack for them. But that day I told Van Meter that if he would drive the team for me I would pitch as much as both of the others. There were one hundred and seventy-five shocks to be put up. I had four boys to haul for

me and kept them on a gallop to supply me with hay. There had been a heavy fall of dew the night before and we could not commence work until half-past six that morning, but I pitched the one hundred and seventy-five shocks by the time the dinner-horn blew. But I was a little nervous and would not like to have kept that up all day.

But work was varied by such neighborhood affairs as husking-bees, log-rollings, apple-parings and barn-raisings, and with all of our hard work we had good social times.

Nearly every year there would be camp-meetings, and at Asbury Chapel and Vernon I used to go to church often and I heard many local preachers, among them Moses Ellsworth, Solomon Shepard, Andrew Dixon, Robert Miller and old man Shanns. And there was an old Revolutionary soldier by the name of Maynard, crippled in his limbs, who would sit in his chair and preach powerful sermons. I recollect once going to hear a man from Virginia but when he got up to preach, had to stop and made apologies to the congregation saying the subject had completely left his mind.

I was at the Van Meters' on the memorable morning of November 13, 1833, when "the stars fell". I got up about four o'clock and looking out of the windows saw the wonderful sight. Mr. Van Meter had gone to Cincinnati with a drove of hogs and I was the only man around the house. I called to Mrs. Van Meter and told her I believed the end of the world was come because the stars were falling. The shower was thick as a snow-storm, every time a ball of fire would hit the ground it would break into thousands of pieces. It was almost as light as day, I think I could have seen to read by it. I watched it awhile and noticed the cattle in the field seemed to pay no attention to it and decided it would not harm me either and started to go out but Mrs. Van Meter wouldn't let me go. I

thought for a long time that it was the stars falling and so did the people of the country round.

During this year, 1833, I met an old trapper and hunter, Joshua Cantrell, who had lived in Kentucky in 1788-1789 and 1790. He was an old man when he came back to Ohio to live near New Moorefield. He was at Jacob Van Meter's one day and at the dinner-table entertained us with tales of early pioneer life in Ohio and Kentucky, and said that in the early days there was not one-tenth the game in Ohio that there was in Kentucky. When he went to this latter state he built him a cabin not far from the Salt Lick, famous for game. One morning he climbed on top of his cabin while his wife was getting breakfast and, looking out over a bit of prairie half-a-mile long and a quarter wide, counted one hundred and forty wild turkeys, forty deer and four bears cross it in the half-hour. He said he could sit by the game-path and inside of half-hour get a shot at a buffalo, elk, deer or bear, and was never out of sight of the squirrels; had seen three to four hundred wild turkeys in a day's tramp and as many as one thousand buffaloes in one herd. Cantrell killed a fine, big, black bear about 1822 or 1824 by the hill on the Clark-Champaign county-line, where the mammoth was exhumed in 1881. I know my father used to say the bears were thick when he came here in 1810, but I naver saw any.

But wild turkeys were plentiful in my time. One day we were hauling a load of rails when a drove of fine turkeys flew across the road in front of us and lighted. Jacob Van Meter rode to the house and got a rifle and musket. I took the musket; he shot the rifle at a turkey and missed him but I got him with the musket. Just as we got back from that, we saw a big flock of wild geese alight, and we loaded up again. Stealing along by the horse until I came opposite the geese, I crept on hands

and knees to where I could get a shot at the best one I saw, and got him. So, within a half-hour we got a fine turkey and a wild goose. They lasted us a week.

Once when I was about nineteen or twenty George Hunt and I went hickory-nutting. I had climbed to the top of a very tall tree and was probably sixty feet from the ground when there came up quite a wind-storm. I held on as tight as I could, for I expected to be blown out for I thought the tree blew fifty feet out of line every time it swayed, but I got down all right. I was never frightened so badly in all my life, and told George I thought I would never leave the ground again to any great height, and I never did.

Speaking of the older settlers, I have often heard my father and Jacob Van Meter tell of "old Jackie" Wynne, of whom it was said that he had such a wonderful mind for comprehending numbers that he could count by groups of twenty-five. Many feats were told of him, but one I remember was of counting accurately a drove of about eight or nine hundred cattle that were driven rapidly past him and at the same time counted correctly the number in a flock of wild geese that flew overhead.

During the five years I was with Mr. Van Meter, I did the work of two men nearly all the time, and got eight dollars a month, excepting the last year when I got a "raise" of one dollar on the month. In the spring of 1837 John Violett sent me word that if I would come out to Indiana and work for him he would give me thirteen dollars a month and as Van Meter would give me no more than nine dollars, I decided to go. On March 20, 1837, I started out on foot by myself, walked there in six days, and was with my old friends the Violetts again.

About the first of June I went on an exploring expedition up

into Michigan where Solomon Van Meter lived. In Berian county, about fifteen miles east of where the Saint Joe river puts into Lake Michigan, he had built a frame house. The soil was so rich that after he had cleared the timber off of one acre, he broke the soil with a two horse plow and planted potatoes. He did not spend any time culitvating the crop and that season got three hundred bushels.

When I was in Michigan, I saw some fine timber and remember seeing one poplar tree that I estimated to measure seventy feet from ground to the lowest limb and eight feet in diameter at the bottom.

We used to sell the wheat at South Bend, and one year I took four or five hundred bushels there for Violett. It was a twenty-five mile trip, and took me two days for each load, for which I would take home over sixty dollars, for I got a dollar and a quarter for every bushel of it. When I took the first load I got only to Mishawaka at dark and put up at a tavern kept by a doctor. At breakfast the next morning they had so little to eat that I went on hungry to South Bend and there found a nice place where they gave me as fine a meal as I ever ate. Besides furnishing me my own meals and lodging, they had stables where I could feed my horses and run my loaded wagon in and lock it up for the night. So after that I always used to go on to South Bend, spend the night there, and in the morning take my wheat to market, get my money and go home that day.

During the winters, John Violett's boy James, Jim we used to call him, and I went to school. One winter day two boys tried to roll Jim in the snow. Jim was a very strong boy for his age. The tables were turned and Jim got the best of both the other fellows. These boys went to the teacher and told him that Jim had been fighting them. The teacher at once brought Jim up and was going to give him a whipping, when I rose up

and told the teacher that he mustn't whip that boy as the other boys were the ones in the wrong, and that Jim was but defending himself. Well, he said Jim was a bad boy and he would whip him anyhow. I was then twenty-three years old and about as strong as I ever was, and I told the teacher I did not come out there to raise any disturbance but I would not have that boy whipped, and he was not whipped. But although I went to school right along, I never liked the teacher very well and perhaps he never liked me.

Wrestling[1], in my early days, was a great pastime. At every corn-husking and apple-paring there would be half-a dozen- matches. It was a wonderful thing for our physical development. One fellow by the name of Bardon Sparkling claimed to be a very fine wrestler. I told him that I wished he would show me a few tricks and he said he would. I told him not tc throw me too hard and he promised. I asked him if it would be all right if I should throw him and he said it would. I knew then very well whose heels would go up. The first time I threw him backwards full length. He jumped right up and cried, "You can't do that again." I threw him just as quickly the second time and I never left my feet. I wanted him to try it again, bu he said he believed I could throw him. I told him I believed so too and that I could throw him every time. Although he thought he knew everything about wrestling, I soon saw that he knew but very little about it. I told John Violett that I did not often brag about my strength, but thought I could throw any man in Elkhart county, but nobody "took me up". Although I was in many a bout I was never worsted. The closest match I ever had was with Tom Cartmell when I was nineteen years old. He was twenty-eight years old and heavier than I was then. We scuffled for half an hour until I finally threw him over the

railing of the porch where we were. Once, on a bet, I threw a stone on a dead level, one hundred and eighteen yards measured.

January eighteenth, 1838, Violett and I came back to Ohio to get some stock and also to take back some dried apples, as fruit was scarce in Indiana. My brother Walter and I started back with the cattle, three or four head, and a stallion, and Violett and Thomas William Hunt, a nephew of old William T. D. Hunt, came later with thirty-six head of sheep. Before Walter and I had gone far, there came a terrible blizzard and when we got to Piqua the snow was twenty-two inches deep on the level, and the thermometer twenty-eight degrees below zero. Although we were warmly dressed, we came near freezing to death.

It was while I was in Indiana in 1838, that the last band of the Pottawottomies was transported to Kansas by the Government, and it was pathetic to see them as they left their old home. Violett told me of an old chief, Mim-shaw, who left Indiana with a part of his tribe in 1836. He had had two sons killed in the battle of Tippecanoe and his heart was full of hatred toward the white race. When he bade Violett farewell, tears dropped down his cheeks. He spoke some English, and declared that they were leaving the finest country in the world. He said, "You whites have driven us back further and further; we are now on the end of a log, and all you have to do", illustrating the thought with a gesture of his hand, "is to push us off into the ocean."

Elkhart Prairie was first noticed by Colonel Jackson of General Wayne's staff, who sent him to exterminate an Indian village. Jackson brought it to the attention of the government as good land for white settlement. The first white man to settle on the Elkhart prairie was by the name of Friar. Others among the first were Stutson and a Wilkison from

Mechanicsburg.

Note- The preceding forty-three pages were prepared in their present form and proof-read to William Chance in person in the summer of 1904. The pages to follow have been compiled from notes obtained from William Chance, Henrietta Jones Chance and others of the family, and from other sources as will be noted, and assembled in chronological order as much as possible, in an endeavor to preserve interesting material in a readable form for the descendants of William and Henrietta Jones Chance.

RANDOM NOTES BY WILLIAM CHANCE.

"When I was sixty-five I bound after the reaper every day in harvest."

"Owing to defective title, I paid twice for every foot of land I bought."

"About 1883, I dreamed I went to the New Moorefield church. There were doors opening in front, and the preacher invited anyone to make a trip to heaven. Although there were hundreds of people around, no one ventured to start. I stepped out and said I would try it. The preacher took me to a little door which opened on some winding stairs. He told me to keep on up these until I got to the top. I went up a long way and finally came out on a little platform about six or seven feet square. I looked down and the earth was far below. "

(The obove indicates how much thought on religious subjects dominated his mind. William Chance told me that he always wanted to be a minister of religion and to be a preacher. P. S. C.)

"I tell you something I want you to remember. Some of these days there will be a race war in this country. I said there would be a was over slavery and there was, and I predict there will be one over the race question within twenty years, the most bloody we have ever seen. People, black and white, will be butchered in their homes. It will come, sure as there is a God above. There are several 'nigger' regiments now in the U. S. Army, training to fight coming generations."

INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM CHANCE — Urbana, Ohio, July 19, 1903.

Samuel Chance, born 1784, died Oct. 21, 1838.

Mary Smallwood Chance, born 1789, died March 1, 1870.

(Buried on north side of Samuel Chance.)

Diagram of Chance graves at Vernon Cemetery, west of Catawba, Ohio.

North	1	2	3	4	5	6	South

1. Martha (Watkins) Chance, d. 1824. (Grandmother)
2. John Chance, ,, (Grandfather)
3. Samuel Chance. (Infant son of Samuel and Mary (Smallwood) Chance.)
4. Mary Smallwood Chance. (Mother)
5. Samuel Chance (Father)
6. John Kingfield (Husband of Elizabeth Chance)

My mother was one of the most resolute women I have ever known. After my father died she stayed at home from 1838 until 1841 when John and I bought property, eighty-eight acres, of Nathaniel Morris, and she lived there until I was married, and then lived a year with us. Then in 1846 went to Woodstock and stayed with my sister Julia's children there. Julia married George Genther in the fall of 1842, I think.

George Genther was born in Germany. His father and mother emigrated to this country and settled in the Western Reserve near Marion. The father was with Napoleon when he went to Moscow in 1812, and was in Eugene Beauharnis' division, and of one hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Moscow he was one of the seventy-five thousand to return.

Julia was born in 1825, and died of consumption in 1851. Genther carried on a grocery and general store in Woodstock, and built a big brick tavern there. His wife's death seemed to discourage him, and a couple of years after her death he broke up and went off leaving his children with their grandmother, who kept them for about a year, when she was compelled to let them go. Oliver, the oldest boy went to Marietta and, afterwards, some twenty years ago, I heard that he kept a large store in Pittsburg. (Wholesale jewelry house in Wheeling, W. Va.- Warren Chance)

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
DEC 98
Bound-To-Please N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962